

# The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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The prohibition resolution has been made a special order for Thursday, the 10th of March.

There was no session of the Legislature this afternoon. The quorum was in a snow drift not far from Milwaukee.

There is a strong sentiment in the county that the municipal court bill for Rock county which is now before the Legislature should become a law. There is no doubt that if such a court as the bill provides for, should be wisely managed, it would cut down court expenses in the county. Believing that it will be a measure of economy, and that it is demanded by a large number of the tax payers in the county, the delegation in the Legislature will support the bill, and will likely secure its passage.

Our dispatches from Madison indicate that there will be an anti-Cameran movement made in the Legislature; and it is said that in case Senator Cameron is nominated there will be a bolt. The Republican who bolts the nomination of so true a Republican as Mr. Cameron is a political charlatan and a disgrace to the Republican party. We do not believe in bolting. We believe in remaining true to Republican principles and to the stalwart and leading men of the party when they are true to the party. Mr. Cameron has made a good Senator and has never betrayed the trust reposed in him, and any man who bolts him simply because he gets the caucus nomination, is not worthy the respect of honest men.

There is a strange condition of mind in the Legislature of Arkansas. In the lower house of that body, a resolution has been passed for amending the constitution so as to prevent the manufacture and sale of liquor in that State. While the Assembly was engaged in dealing with this great question, attracting the attention of the temperance army of the country, the Senate was engaged in discussing another resolution with all the solemnity due a grave and powerful question. It adopted a resolution by a vote of 18 to 5, that the name of the State shall be pronounced "Arkansas," and not "Arkansas." Probably the Assembly knew what the Senate was about, and moved to adopt prohibition as a means to secure sobriety in that body.

The Legislature can not hope to make a Senator who will fill Mr. Carpenter's place. There is no man in the State broad enough in intellect, and high enough in statesmanship, to completely fill the place left vacant by his death. The best the Legislature can do is to take the fittest man left in the party—one who in all respects would fill the seats creditably, one who is a scholar and a gentleman, who has the confidence of the people, one who would wear the senatorial mantle in a manly way, and at all times represent the best interests of the State and the trust principles of the party. While there was only one Matt. Carpenter in the State, there are many who would make respectable United States Senators and out of these the Legislature must assume the responsibility of making a choice. The opinion seems to prevail among the members that Senator Cameron, will be the successor to Mr. Carpenter. He is already wearing the senatorial harness, and having fairly and honorably represented the Republican party, and the State as well, there is a wide-spread opinion that he should continue in the Senate.

On the 11th of January, when the Senate was discussing the district vagrancy bill, Senator Carpenter made his last appearance in public but two, and in discussing the tramp question he said:

Mr. President, it is well known that, a few years since, when the tramp scare spread over the country a good deal more general than the tramps did, the Legislature of the States rushed madly into legislation upon this subject and passed a great many statutes of which I have no doubt they are now rather ashamed. It is certain that they passed statutes which for severity and for cruelty were never equaled in this country by anything since the so-called blue laws of Connecticut. This statute the Senator from Maryland says will be the mildest one in existence on that subject. I suppose that is so, because it will be the last, the latest, the most remote from the alarm produced on that subject. I take it that every law which passes from this time out in the State Legislature or anywhere else will be still milder and milder, until people will get so far restored to their confidence in self-preservation under the old and habitual laws of the land that they will repeat them altogether. I look for that event to come very soon.

On the day when the Senator made his last appearance in the Senate the land grant to railroads was under discussion, and when Senator Wallace said the Senate proposed to "deal justly" by the railroads, Senator Carpenter said that reminded him of a quarrel between two deacons in a church, and closed as follows:

A small revival of religion came along and roused them both up a little. One deacon got out his sleigh and drove over to the other's house very early in the morning. He said, "Deacon, I have come here to see you; I am feeling very badly; four or five years ago we got into a little difficulty about cattle breaking over division fences; we, either of us, could have survived the damage that was done without ever feeling it, but we went to law; we have been wrangling for five years; the lawyers have got our farms covered all over with mortgages; and that is not the worst of it, a quarrel and litigation between two deacons in the same church hinders the cause of our Savior, and I have come over to see you and talk to you and to tell you that you must back out, for I can't. [Laughter.] This was the last time Senator Carpenter

spoke in the Senate of the United States, and that was the time Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, said of Carpenter: "The words of the honorable Senator never fall to the ground, and he never discusses anything that the Senate is not glad to hear discussed."

## SENATORIAL CONTEST.

The Contest for Carpenter's Chair has Commenced in Earnest

Among the Members Who Remained in Madison on Sunday.

Opposition to Senator Cameron is Quietly Developing.

But His Friends are Confident that he will be Elected.

Some Threats of a Bolt and a Coalition with the Democrats.

A Train Load of Legislators and Lobbyists in a Snow Drift at Eagle.

Eleven Thousand Houses Burned in Tokio, Japan.

Thirty Thousand People Destitute and Homeless.

The Presidential Party Arrive Safe and Happy in Washington.

Robert Lincoln Accepts the Attorney Generalship of the New Cabinet.

## GARFIELD IN WASHINGTON.

Special to the Gazette. WASHINGTON, March 1—Garfield and party arrived at 9:30 a.m., all well and happy. They were met by the inauguration committee and escorted to the Riggs house, where they rested quietly until noon.

Sherman's resignation takes effect on Thursday.

## ROBERT LINCOLN.

Special to the Gazette. CHICAGO, March 1.—A Washington correspondent says Robert Lincoln has been tendered, and has accepted the attorney-generalship.

## GREAT FIRE IN TOKIO.

Special to the Gazette. SAN FRANCISCO, March 1—Intelligence from Japan says that eleven thousand houses were burned in Tokio on January 26, and thirty thousand people are homeless.

## FINEST EVER KNOWN.

Special to the Gazette. NEW ORLEANS, March 1.—The Mardi Gras celebration is the dullest ever known.

## OBITUARY.

Special to the Gazette. BALTIMORE, March 1.—Ex-Governor Bradford died, this morning.

## PEDESTRIAN.

Special to the Gazette. NEW YORK, March 1.—At 1 o'clock p.m. the record stood—Pauchoff, 183; Howard, 168; Allen, 161.

## ROBBED.

Special to the Gazette. CHICAGO, March 1.—E. P. Smith, residing on Wabash avenue, was chloroformed and robbed on Sunday night two thousand dollars, from under his pillow, and a four hundred and fifty dollar pin.

## FROM MADISON.

Special to the Gazette. MADISON, March 1.—In consequence of the late storm, the Legislature was obliged to adjourn to-day without a quorum in either house.

A train crowded with members and lobbyists, have been stuck in an immense snow drift near Eagle, a short distance out of Milwaukee, since yesterday afternoon.

The senatorial fight has fairly commenced; a strong anti-Cameran feeling has already developed: out of thirty-five members remaining here over Sunday, twenty it is said went into caucus last night and agreed to support the anti-Cameran movement. Senator Price is leading the opposition. It is quietly whispered about that should Cameron receive the nomination, there will be a bolt, and with the aid of the Democrats, who are very bitter against Cameron, will unite on a candidate and elect him. On the other hand Cameron's friends are very confident and claim that nothing can defeat him now. He will reach here on the afternoon train. Congressmen Pound and Hasleton will also arrive on the same train.

## The Temperance Question.

To the Editor. I trust you will find a place in your columns for the following in relation to the temperance question:

"Although Maine has a prohibition liquor law, there are 130 saloons in Portland, and drinking and crime are on the increase."—*Janeville Gazette* of Feb. 4th. COOKSVILLE, Feb. 12, 1881.

To the Mayor of the City of Portland:

DEAR SIR.—The enclosed slip I cut from a late number of our leading county paper, and the statement is so at variance with what we expect, that I consider it a libel on my native State. Will you please have the kindness to give me the facts as to prohibition in your city?

To-day I received in reply the annual report of the deputies appointed to enforce the liquor law, dated December 31, 1880, from which I extract the following in relation to prohibition:

"Six years ago we had no difficulty in making seizures at any of the hotels or saloons. The object of search could be found lying around loose, scarcely any effort being made to conceal it. It is not so now. We must admit, however, that during the past three months new shops are being fitted up and more boldness is being manifested by many of the keepers of saloons. The cause for so much activity at this time can only be conjectured."

The reports of the city marshal from year to year during the past six years, are very suggestive as tending to show a marked decrease in the number arrested for drunkenness. Below may be found a report of the number of cases each year for drunkenness and drunkenness and disturbance, copied from the city marshal's yearly reports, ending with each year of March 1st:

Years. No. arrests. Years. No. arrests.

1875.....23181878.....1895

1876.....19641879.....1543

1877.....16051880.....1437

A decrease every year over its predecessor, except in 1879, but the year following the number falls off again, and the present year so far comprising only nine months, only 906 arrests have been made, which is the same proportion for the year would amount to but 1208, which is certainly a very encouraging exhibit, considering the steady increase of inhabitants."

Now, from statistics, which I have in my possession, from other towns and cities in the State of Maine, this is about the average report of the workings of the law in that State, and were it not from the fact that I often see reports similar to the one in Gazette referred to, I should let the matter pass, but if the friends of temperance, and the advocates of Christianity have gained any point in the past fifty years they should be entitled to proper credit. The cause of crime is not born in a day, and if *crime, divorce, insanity and suicide*, are on the increase in Maine or elsewhere, there must be some other cause besides of closing up the dram shops. It is a well established fact, which the report of every State prison very clearly shows, that more than fifty per cent of all convicts are directly or indirectly the result of the excessive use of liquor.

I will cite only one case in our own State, of the municipal court of Milwaukee, from October 1st, 1878 to October 1st, 1879, which shows that during that time there were 3,064 arrested for all crimes, and of them 1,815 were arrested for drunkenness, drunks and disorderly, or over 59 per cent. from these causes. It would be of no use to multiply these reports for in many cities the average is even greater than in Milwaukee.

Now what does General Neal Dow say of these 130 saloons in the city of Portland. I quote his own words in the Portland Press of February 8th: "One hundred and thirty rum shops! What are they, low dirty dens in Center street, Gorham's Corner, Clay Core, and Christian Shore. The whole stock in trade of each of them, will be perhaps a half-pint, or a pint bottle, in a coat pocket, or a pitcher or watering pot of beer, the rum-seller keeping a sharp lookout for the officers so as to tip them over before the officers can reach them. Sometimes it is a barrel of beer hidden under the floor of a pig pen or under a manure heap, sometimes a tin can of whisky, built into the plastering under the stairs. Sometimes small flat bottles of rum hidden in the ash-pit under the oven of the cooking stove, and even suspended in flat bottles beneath the outer skirts of a woman's dress, and many other such contrivances to elude the officers of the law."

All laws are in some sense inoperative, and all laws however much they aim to promote the public welfare are sought to be evaded by the cupidity and avarice of selfish men, and the interpreter of laws as well as those appointed to enforce them are not always the best guardian of a nation's virtue. But is this any reason why the conservators of public welfare shall cease their efforts to destroy one of the causes which promote crime and wrong doing. The friends of temperance reform wish to look at this matter fairly and squarely in the light of reason, with all the facts which can be produced either by friends or foes; and if we are hindering the cause of humanity as Dr. Crosby would lead us to suppose, then let us change our tactics.

B. S. HOXIE.

Cooksville, Feb. 25, 1881.

Mrs. W. N. Palmer, 149 Morgan Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: My child was taken Feb. 1st with Croup in its severest form and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil being the only remedy at hand, I began giving it according to directions and found it gave immediate relief, I gave three (3) doses and the child rested well the remainder of the night. I have used it in my family for some time with complete success.

B. A. ROBERTS, and Croft & Sherer.

The senatorial fight has fairly commenced; a strong anti-Cameran feeling has already developed: out of thirty-five members remaining here over Sunday, twenty it is said went into caucus last night and agreed to support the anti-Cameran movement. Senator Price is leading the opposition. It is quietly whispered about that should Cameron receive the nomination, there will be a bolt, and with the aid of the Democrats, who are very bitter against Cameron, will unite on a candidate and elect him. On the other hand Cameron's friends are very confident and claim that nothing can defeat him now. He will reach here on the afternoon train. Congressmen Pound and Hasleton will also arrive on the same train.

possible for outside parties to obtain it, or for the officers or watchmen to be in collusion with the counterfeitors. None but the best posted of the operatives of Crane & Co., and those who have been in their employ a long time, are employed in the manufacture, and especially from the time the pulp receives the silk fibre every process of manufacture is under the closest inspection by the officials. The sheets are counted and inspected by ladies employed in the Treasury Department, nearly all of whom have been in that branch of the service for a long time, coming to Berkshire County, when the contract was transferred from the Pennsylvania contractor.

Each sheet is examined and passed through the hands of ten other operatives for inspection. Every sheet is accounted for, spoiled ones being carefully watched while being again torn up and made into pulp. Each employee is searched on leaving or entering the mill. The mill itself is carefully guarded by Government employees, night and day. A detective, stationed at Pittsfield, constantly visits the mill at all times, day and night, when least expected. When shipments are made, the paper is placed in iron-bound packages, sealed. A guard rides on the wagon, from Coltsville to Pittsfield Station, where it is delivered to the American Express Company, in a car, under Government protection. A detective rides in the car to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where another Treasury officer takes charge of it, taking it to New York, where it is delivered to the Sub-Treasury, and from there sent to Washington to be printed upon. No visitor is allowed in the mill under any circumstances, and every precaution possible is taken to prevent even the smallest piece from getting into the hands of outside parties. Nor has such a thing ever occurred. So they are emphatic in the denial of the report that counterfeitors had the distinctive paper used by the Government, or even a fair imitation of it.

"WOMAN'S WIL."

The man's a fool who thinks by force of skill,  
To stem the torrent of a woman's will,  
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,  
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't,  
And if she's ill, she'll fume and make a stir,  
And if she can't Spring Blossom get, why there's an end on't of her.  
Prices: \$1.50c, and trial bottles 10c.  
Sold by A. J. Roberts and Croft & Sherer.

The New Version Bible.

Albany Journal.

It is giving the flippant one of the best of recent opportunities to jibe at religion when the price of the new version of the Bible is put at \$10 per copy. It seems as if the revisers might have a cheap edition. There is something particularly shocking in the idea that one cannot buy a Bible for anything less than \$10. Thousands of people are waiting with impatient anxiety for the appearance of this new work. It is not generally known that a first edition of 500,000 copies has already been manufactured in England, and that there are now 100,000 copies in New York City, not one of them permitted to be sold. There are rumors that speculators in New York city, have made arrangements to put the entire New Testament into type within 24 hours from the time a copy of the English edition can be procured, and within 3 days thousands of copies will be bound and ready for delivery at 30 cents each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grade Queen Flours. No other preparation which light, flaky and leavening in its texture. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ill resulting from heavy indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all grocers.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

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Wind-Mill, Garden and Set Length Force Pumps, Pipe, Fittings, Drive Points, Deep and Shallow Well Cylinders.

Gas and Steam Fitting Goods!

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Steam, Gas and Water Pipe Fitting a Specialty.

Deep and Shallow Well Repairing. Estimates given. Instruments Taken at Work at a Distance. All work Personally Attended to.

1250 Pounds, over half a ton of choice O. G. Java coffee stock at 35 cts. current. Robusta and other G. Java. The best and cheapest lot of coffee that has been in the market for years.

J. A. DENNISTON.

10 COFFEE, Prince of 16cts Green, and 20cts

BLACK TEA, the choicest in market; also a

new lot of Rose Jay. The best and cheapest lot of coffee that has been in the market for years.

No SECOND QUALITY GOODS at Dennington's.

London, Paris, New York, Vienna, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, And Charleston, S. C.

PRIZE MEDAL GRANTED AT

London, Paris, New York, Vienna,

New York, Vienna, Philadelphia, Cincinnati,

And Charleston, S. C.

## NIGHTMARE.

They all climbed up on a high board fence—Nine little goblins with green-glass eyes—Nine little goblins that had no sense, And couldn't tell copper from cold mine— And they all climbed up on the fence, and sat— And I asked them what they were staring at.

And the first one said, as he scratched his head— What queer little limb that reached out of his ear.

And rasped its claws in his hair so red— "This is what this little limb is for!"

And he scratched and stared, and the next one said—

"How on earth do you scratch your head?"

And he laughed like the screech of a rusty hinge.

Laughed and laughed till his face grew black.

And when he choked, with a final twinge of his fitting laughter, he thumped his back.

With a list that grew on the end of his tail, Till the breath came back to his lips so pale.

And the third little goblin leaned round at me—

And there were no lids on his eyes at all— And he cracked one eye, and he says, says he:

"What is the style of your socks this fall?"

And he clapped his heels—and I sighed to see that he had hands where his feet should be.

Then a half-faced goblin, gray and grim, Bowed his head, and I saw him slip His eyebrows off, as I looked at him,

And gave them over his upper lip;

And a sharp, a pearly, a seafaring pain—

"Would to heaven I'd m've brown again."

And then the whole of the goblin band Barked on the fence, and then and then, And clung, in a long row, hand in hand, Singing the songs that their grandmothers—

In the goo-goo days of the goblin grandmothers.

And ever they kept their green-glass eyes Fixed on me with a stony stare—

Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise.

And my hair whooped up on my lifted head, And felt the heart in my breast snap, too.

And you've heard the lid of a snuff-box do.

And they sang: "You're a fool! There no

more hard face! And a woman with green-glass eyes—

'Tis only a vision the mind invents—

After a supper of cold mince-pies!

Yet still you are doomed to dream this way."

Till along toward dusk of the Judgment Day."

—James W. Kirby.

## HARRY HAROURT'S DREAM.

HARRY HAROURT was not given to dreaming on ordinary occasions; in fact, he seldom dreamt at all, for he was a sound sleeper, with a stomach like an alligator's and a conscience like a baby's.

An easy conscience and good digestion are the best promoters of healthy sleep the world over, and I do not wonder that Harry Harcourt slept well.

Harry Harcourt had a hobby. Most practical and impractical people have hobbies. My hero's hobby was the imaginary financial, political, legal and every way possible superiority of men's responsibilities over woman's duties in raising a family and providing for the household.

Mr. Harcourt was a pale little woman with a big family. Pale little women are very apt to be mothers of big families.

Mr. Harcourt's children were boys, ruddy, rollicking, jolly little romping fellows, whose knees would peep through their trousers and whose elbows would get rasped in spite of their pale mother's untiring assiduity.

"If I had nothing more to do than you have, Mrs. Harcourt, I am sure I could keep the children's jackets and trousers in order!" said Harry Harcourt one day when Ben and Billy came rushing into the great, un furnished farm house, driving a tandem team of the other boys, and tracking mud upon the newly-mopped floor.

The boys waked the baby, who had just fallen asleep after an hour of incessant rocking, while the mother had wearily plied her needle; and they upset her work-basket in a heap as they galloped around the room in high glee.

Harry always said "Mrs. Harcourt" when he meant to be extremely dignified.

Mrs. Harcourt was not always as weak as she looked, as her husband had many a time discovered, to his cost. She had a will of her own when aroused, and Harry Harcourt had once the strongest hobby directly athwart his sense of justice, when she was nervous from over exertion.

"If I had nothing more to do than you have, Mr. Harcourt, or if I had the control of my own earnings as you do, I'd onc in a while be able to buy the children something new to wear, so they wouldn't always have to depend upon patches!"

"That's all a woman knows about economy. You'd break me up in three months if you had a free swing at the finances. New clothes for the children, indeed! Let 'em wear their old ones!"

"That's what they have been doing all along, Mr. Harcourt, and they were mostly made up of old clothes in the first place. If I was only free from the unpaid drudgery that you impose upon me without any remuneration whatever, I would earn money and buy clothes for the children as fast as they are needed; but I have to be cook, nurse, laundress, dish-washer, dairy-maid, scullion, mop rag, needle-woman and general scaperoat all the time, and all for the sake of being supported! It wasn't so when I was a school-ma'am. I had my own money then, and no thanks to anybody for it, either!"

After delivering herself of this tirade, Mrs. Harcourt shook the screaming baby till it grew silent from sheer exhaustion, and then laid it back in the cradle, while she renewed her efforts with her needle.

She was patching a pair of old and dirty trousers which had reached the veracious age that required patch upon patch to make them presentable.

"I could do more work than you do, Mrs. Harcourt, and get along with less money, and carry a rail on my shoulder all the time, at that!" said Harry Harcourt, contemptuously.

"Could you, now?" asked the pale little woman, with a bitter smile.

"Of course I could. Women have no responsibilities. I support my family and bear all the burdens of life. I can remember, too, since reflections are in order, Mrs. Harcourt, that there was a time when I had no cares nor responsibilities, no wife nor children to bother me, and nothing under the sun to ruffle my temper."

"Would you like to be rid of me, Harry?"

The indignant husband did not answer in words; but he gave vent to a prolonged whistle and left the room, banging the door after him with a vim that jarred the whole house and set her nerves a-tingling like so many stinging bees in swarming time.

The baby sobbed itself into a grieved and uneasy slumber, the tandem team

and rollicking drivers skurried off into the woodshed, and the house was still again.

In a little while the trousers were mended, and the overturned contents of the upset work-basket fairly appalled her as she contemplated the promiscuous pile—socks, out at toes and heels and ragged in the ribbing; shirts minus buttons, with sleeves torn at the elbows, and wristbands frayed at the edges; jackets, with linings torn and pockets worn into shreds; more trousers, a torn mitten, two school-books to cover, and a lunch-bag to supply with a new strap. It was almost supper time, too, and this was Saturday.

Mrs. Harcourt was far too conscientious to do any work on Sunday that could be avoided, and all this mountain of "easy, irresponsible work" must be finished before she could sleep. Monday would bring another school day, and it would also bring about the inevitable washing. The children must "look like other children" if their mother lost her life in the effort to keep them washed and fed and whole and clean.

Mrs. Harcourt tiptoed softly out of the room.

The baby was nervous, like herself—no wonder, poor thing—and was easily awakened from his fitful slumbers.

There was no kindling wood ready for the kitchen stove, but Mrs. Harcourt was used to that. She split a piece of pitch pine into splinters and soon had a roaring fire and a red-hot oven. In her haste to prepare the meal before the baby should awake and cry, she burnt her meat and scorched her potatoes and burned a heavy crust on her biscuit.

The supper was indigestible—an unusual thing—but Harry Harcourt ate heartily as usual, and as usual retired early to rest, leaving his pale-faced wife to wash the dishes and scrub the children, and, after they were safe in bed, apply herself to finishing the huge basket of mending before the mantel clock should chime the hour of midnight.

Harry Harcourt felt a little anxious and a trifle mean as he watched her furtively and saw how very pale and weary she was; but he was not the man to unbend from his fancied dignity, nor did he really believe that his wife deserved his sympathy. He lay upon his back in the bedroom adjoining, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went the weary fingers of his pale-faced wife, as the hours went on, her feet in the meantime keeping up a ceaseless rock, rock, rock, with the swaying cradle.

Harry Harcourt was uneasy. Perhaps it was his supper; perhaps it was his conscience. But his stomach and his conscience were alike impervious to ordinary disturbances, and I leave the reader to guess the cause of his uneasiness. He raised up on his elbow and gazed out into the room where his wife was sewing.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, rock, rock, rock. Would the stitching and the rocking never stop?

"But pshaw!" thought Harry Harcourt. "What right have I to be uneasy? A woman's work is nothing. Let her stitch and let her rock. It's what women are made for."

Still, he could not help reclining there and watching her.

The clock struck eleven, and still her silent, weary work went on; and, as Harry Harcourt gazed, he fancied that her entire braindead body became transparent, and he could see himself reflected in her thoughts as he had never seen himself before.

"Yes, yes," she soliloquized, and her mental words thrilled him like electricity. "Harry thinks he is the head of this family, and its only provider, stay and support. But, bless him, he doesn't know. I guess I'll retire from the firm and give him a much-needed lesson."

And she bent low over the cradle and kissed the sleeping baby, and even while he gazed at her she disappeared. What had become of her?

Harry Harcourt arose from his couch and put on his clothes and approached the cradle reverently and cautiously. Near it was her low rocking-chair, and by its side the heaped-up work-basket and her scissors, spools and thimble. On the floor, which was yet damp from the after-supper mopping it had received when the children and himself were in bed, lay a promiscuous array of old clothes, washed, ironed, patched and mended by her patient fingers. He gathered up the worn garments one by one, and, as he touched them, felt that they were warm with the wasted life-forces of his pale-faced wife.

The night passed away, and morning roseate and radiant, beamed in at the uncurtained window where Harry Harcourt sat watching. The baby awoke and began its usual wailing cry. He tried hard to pacify it with the nursing bottle his wife had provided the night before, but it refused to be comforted. He remembered seeing its mother shake it into a few extra screams, followed by a season of quietude, but when he tried the experiment it did not succeed.

What was he to do?

The older children were up by this time, clamoring and hungry and cold. He knocked them to the right and the left with his open hands and scolded them into trembling silence.

"Where's my mamma?"

The unanswered question was repeated over and over till Harry Harcourt grew frantic with suspense and grief and bewilderment.

The pile of mending had not all been completed, and the many missing buttons made it very inconvenient for him to dress the children properly for Sabbath-school.

The breakfast was a complete failure. The children could not eat his primitive cooking, and the baby's wailing cried racking his nerves—strong and healthy as he was—it was desperate enough to almost strangle it.

Harry was a more perplexing meal for him to prepare than breakfast. He whipped Ben and Billy to make them wash the dishes, and whipped them even harder when they broke half of them into a shapeless mass by letting the dish-pan fall.

Monday came at last, and after a sleepless night with the wailing baby, Harry Harcourt went once more through the perplexing work of the morning in the kitchen.

And then came the washing.

A wearier, crosser man than Harry Harcourt never sat down to a cold dinner.

The children skulked in the corners and fairly forgot to play at tandem teaming. In a few days their clothes wore out again, and he could not patch them nor could he get away from the house to earn or even buy new ones. His own garments grew buttonless, and his food was insupportably indigestible.

When Harry Harcourt looked in the glass, he found himself growing pale, like his vanished wife. "No wonder she grew white and thin poor thing," he sighed, sadly. "I shall die before many days if I have to carry all this responsibility on my shoulders without assistance."

On these long Sunday evenings the swain goes to see his sweetheart early, in order that he may go home late.

"Nobody ever helped mamma," said Billy, and he dodged behind the cradle to avoid being buffeted for his temerity. "That is true," thought Harry Harcourt.

And then his health began to fail, and his strength forsook him, and his head ached, and his temples throbbed, and his feet grew sore and weary, and he felt himself sinking, sinking, sinking into the grave.

"What will become of the poor children when I am gone?" he thought, the next Saturday evening, as he wearily stitched, stitched, stitched, till midnight. "But I deserve no better fate than my present lot, and I have no reason to complain if I do suffer. I never appreciated Fanny. Poothing! If I only had her back I'd give her the free and equal possession and use of everything on the plantation. She should have help—plenty of it—and all the money she needed to spend or save, as her own sense would dictate, and I'd never call myself the responsible head, provider and supporter of the family, nor accuse her of having nothing to do—no, never. But it's too late now. She's gone, and I'm left to carry the load that I would never acknowledge was a load while she had to carry it."

The baby cried harder and louder than ever, and Harry Harcourt felt himself sinking lower and lower in health and strength, till finally he fell sprawling upon the floor, from which he arose at last, rubbing the "crazy bone" of his right elbow, and staring around the room in a state of semi-consciousness.

The baby cried harder and louder than ever, and Harry Harcourt felt himself sinking lower and lower in health and strength, till finally he fell sprawling upon the floor, from which he arose at last, rubbing the "crazy bone" of his right elbow, and staring around the room in a state of semi-consciousness.

"What is the world's the matter, Harry Harcourt?" asked his pale-faced wife, in alarm.

"Are you really there, Fanny?" he asked, eagerly. "I thought you were dead, darling!"

"No, Harry. I'm not dead yet, but I shall be before long, at this rate," was the despairing reply. "I've been mending the children's clothes for three hours while you've been snoring."

"And you haven't been away at all?"

"I've been away? Why, Harry, you must be crazy! How could I get away? With all these backs to feed, to say nothing of washing, ironing, churning, scrubbing and taking care of the baby. I've too many responsibilities here to think of going away, unless death calls me. And to tell you the truth, Harry, I don't think it will be very long before I am called, for my strength is failing rapidly and I have frequent sinking spells. I have felt a half-dozen times to-night as if I would sink through the floor. But then it isn't any matter. Maybe when I am gone you can get a wife who can manage better and spare you the humiliation of seeing your children out at the knees and elbows."

"I must be crazy, too," thought Harry Harcourt. "What right have I to be uneasy? A woman's work is nothing. Let her stitch and let her rock. It's what women are made for."

Still, he could not help reclining there and watching her.

The clock struck eleven, and still her silent, weary work went on; and, as Harry Harcourt gazed, he fancied that her entire braindead body became transparent, and he could see himself reflected in her thoughts as he had never seen himself before.

"Yes, yes," she soliloquized, and her mental words thrilled him like electricity. "Harry thinks he is the head of this family, and its only provider, stay and support. But, bless him, he doesn't know. I guess I'll retire from the firm and give him a much-needed lesson."

And she bent low over the cradle and kissed the sleeping baby, and even while he gazed at her she disappeared. What had become of her?

Harry Harcourt arose from his couch and put on his clothes and approached the cradle reverently and cautiously. Near it was her low rocking-chair, and by its side the heaped-up work-basket and her scissors, spools and thimble. On the floor, which was yet damp from the after-supper mopping it had received when the children and himself were in bed, lay a promiscuous array of old clothes, washed, ironed, patched and mended by her patient fingers. He gathered up the worn garments one by one, and, as he touched them, felt that they were warm with the wasted life-forces of his pale-faced wife.

The night passed away, and morning roseate and radiant, beamed in at the uncurtained window where Harry Harcourt sat watching. The baby awoke and began its usual wailing cry. He tried hard to pacify it with the nursing bottle his wife had provided the night before, but it refused to be comforted. He remembered seeing its mother shake it into a few extra screams, followed by a season of quietude, but when he tried the experiment it did not succeed.

What was he to do?

The older children were up by this time, clamoring and hungry and cold. He knocked them to the right and the left with his open hands and scolded them into trembling silence.

"Where's my mamma?"

The unanswered question was repeated over and over till Harry Harcourt grew frantic with suspense and grief and bewilderment.

The pile of mending had not all been completed, and the many missing buttons made it very inconvenient for him to dress the children properly for Sabbath-school.

The breakfast was a complete failure. The children could not eat his primitive cooking, and the baby's wailing cried racking his nerves—strong and healthy as he was—it was desperate enough to almost strangle it.

Harry was a more perplexing meal for him to prepare than breakfast

## JANESVILLE BUSINESS DIRECTORY!

### CARRIAGE PAINTING

J. B. LAGRANGE  
Would especially call attention to his extensive Painting Room on Bluff Street, in the rear of Hodge & Buchholz' shop, where he is prepared to do a first class carriage and artistic painting of a superior workmanship. Give him a call.

### HARNESS, BLANKETS, Etc.

#### JAMES A. FATHERS, (SUCCESSOR TO CHAS. H. PAYNE)

Cor. Court and Main St., - Janesville. Manufacturer and dealer in Light and Heavy Harness. Saddles, Collars, Harness, etc. Also a good assortment of Trunks, Valises and Ladies' Satchels. The best kind of Harness Oils always on hand. Give me a call. A good square deal guaranteed. Try my Carriage Top Harness; it makes old tops as bright as when new.

W. M. SADDLER,  
EAST MILWAUKEE ST. - JANESEVILLE  
(Open House Block.)

A Large Stock of First Class Harness and Trunks on Hand at Bottom Prices.

### GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

#### GEO. T. PRICHARD & CO.

NO. 27, MYERS' HOUSE BLOCK, JANESEVILLE  
Gas, Steam and Water Pipe Fitting. Dealers in Pumps and Cylinders. Gas Fixtures, Pipe, Rubber Hose, and all kinds of Fittings for Gas, Steam and Water Works. All work in the above line done on reasonable terms.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

Q. S. SUTHERLAND, M. D.,  
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.  
Office and Residence No. 3 Franklin Street, (Opposite Court Exchange.)  
HOURS - 7 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 2:30 and 5 to 7 P. M.

### MYERS' HOUSE LIVERY.

C. W. JACKMAN, Proprietor.  
EAST MILWAUKEE ST. - JANESEVILLE  
Myers' New Barn.  
Hearse and Carriages for Funerals  
Specialty.

### HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

HOLM & KENT,  
House, Sign & Ornamental Painters.  
Painting, Graining, and Papering  
Situations, and portraits to Messrs. Wm. Cannon, David Jeffers, B. F. Crossett, Frank Cook, Dr. Goss, H. MacLay, and E. V. Whited & Co. Shop over Chas. Dutton's grocery, West Milwaukee Street. Leave orders with E. V. Whited & Co.

H. H. BLANCHARD'S  
Law, Collection, Real Estate and Loan  
Office.

Regular Office Hours 9 A. M. to 12 M.; 7:30 P. M. to,  
10 o'clock P. M. Wanted for collection all notes, bills, accounts and judgments, including goods, chattels, effects, etc., and for foreclosures, mortgages due or past due at his office, on Mai Street, over M. C. Smith & Son's Clothing Store, Janesville, Wisconsin. All business intrusted to his care will be promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.

### INSURANCE.

JOHN G. SAXE  
Represents Sixteen of the Most Substantial Fire  
Insurance Companies of Europe and the  
United States.  
Also Agent for the Elma Life and the Mutual  
Protection Association of Wisconsin, the most  
reliable Insurance Association in the West. Has  
farms in Rock county and elsewhere to exchange  
for city property, and money to loan.

### HAIR GOODS.

MRS. W. M. SADDLER,  
EAST MILWAUKEE ST. - JANESEVILLE  
(Opera House Block.)  
Manufacturer and Dealer in Ladies' Hair Nets  
and all Kinds of Human Hair Goods.

## THE GAZETTE.

TUESDAY MARCH 1, 1881.

Post-Office—Summer Time Table.  
The mails arrive at the Janesville Post Office as follows:

Chicago and Way..... 1:30 P. M.  
Madison and Milwaukee..... 2:30 P. M.  
Chicago Through, Night via Milton..... 2:30 P. M.  
Chicago Through, Night via Winona..... 2:30 P. M.  
Green Bay and Way..... 2:30 P. M.  
Monroe and Way..... 2:30 P. M.  
Madison and Way..... 2:30 P. M.  
Milwaukee and Way..... 2:30 P. M.

OVER-LAND MAILED ARRIVE.  
Center and Madison, Tuesdays, Thursdays,  
and Saturdays at 12:30 P. M.  
Emerald Grove, Tuesdays, Thursdays  
and Saturdays at 12:30 P. M.  
East Troy, via Johnsons, Mondays,  
Wednesdays and Fridays at 12:30 P. M.  
Waukesha and Milwaukee at 12:30 P. M.

Mails close at the Janesville Post Office as follows:

Madison and Milwaukee..... 5:00 P. M.  
Chicago Through, Night via Milton..... 5:00 P. M.  
Junctions also Milton..... 5:00 P. M.  
Chicago and Way..... 5:00 P. M.  
All points East, West and South of  
Chicago..... 5:00 P. M.  
All points East, West and South of Chi-  
cago, via Milwaukee Junction..... 5:00 P. M.  
Green Bay and Way, including Minne-  
sota, Northern Michigan and  
Northern Iowa..... 5:00 P. M.  
Milwaukee and Way..... 5:00 P. M.  
West, Madison, via M. & P. via C. H. W.,  
including Northern Iowa..... 5:00 P. M.  
Monroe, Headland and Way..... 5:00 P. M.  
Rockford, Freeport and Way..... 5:00 P. M.

OVER-LAND MAILED CLOSE.

Beloit stage at 4:00 P. M.  
Center and Madison, Tuesdays, Thurs-  
days and Saturdays at 2:00 P. M.

East Troy, via Rock Prairie, Johns-  
town Center, Johnsons, Tuesdays,  
Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:00 P. M.

Richmond, daily at 3:30 A. M.  
Emerald Grove and Fairfield, Tues-  
days, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:00 P. M.

POST-OFFICE HOURS.

Open from 8 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. On Sundays  
from 12:30 to 1:30 P. M. Center and Madison  
Letter Department open from 8 A. M. to  
12:30 P. M., and from 1:30 to 5:00 P. M., except during  
the distribution of the mails. Stamps  
and general articles for sale. Postage  
for sale at East front wicket from 8 A. M. to 5:00 P. M.  
Orders for stamped envelopes with return  
card printed thereon, should be left at the Mon-  
day post office.

On Saturday night only, a through pouch from  
Chicago is received on the Fond du Lac train  
and on Monday morning only, a through pouch from  
Milwaukee, and forwarded to Chicago on the 5 o'clock  
train.

By reading this table carefully, the public can  
post themselves thoroughly upon the arrival and  
posting of all mail, and thus avoid much  
inconvenience to themselves.

H. A. PATTERSON, P. M.

The European Gypsy.

A BRIGHT and wretched race is roving  
over European highways, enlivening the roads with variegated costumes and  
stirring great cities with song. It lives  
on love and freedom. Its representatives  
are called Tziganes, Zingari, Gigani, Cygans, Zigeuner, Gitianos, Gypsies, Egyptians and Bohemians.

These names illustrate its development  
and close relationship with southern  
races. Where the sun is warm, where  
flowers bloom, where groves are luxuri-  
ant, where savory fruits drop from the  
trees, there the gypsy thrives and flour-  
ishes. His tent is a rickety cart; his  
code the *novaja* in Spain, the *kiad* in  
Russia—a dagger, short and sharp; his  
garments, rags; his law, nature. He  
lives an unhappy wife, and if a woman  
of the tribe yields to outside enticements  
she is put to death. The Chinaman is  
silent concerning the manners and laws  
of his nation. His silence is easily main-  
tained, for he has a home far away.

The gypsy, however, vicious and ef-  
feminate, born in the slums of great cities,  
speaking their languages, and trad-  
ing with their inhabitants, clings to his  
Arabian indolence without uttering a  
word concerning the laws which he  
obeys, the gods whom he worships, or  
the peculiar code of honor which he  
obeys. Stealing brings no dishonor.

The most respectable members of the  
tribe visit the thief in prison. If dag-  
gers leap from their sheaths in a forest  
or a dark street, and are buried in the  
hearts of rebels, the thief is followed by its  
falling body is followed by its silent  
burial, and the caravan goes its way.

What is life that they should mind it?

This curious race must not be treated  
lightly. It is Nature, beautiful and  
wild, living face to face with that other  
Nature, conventional and deformed.

The gypsy knows nothing of the ab-  
stract idea of liberty. In him liberty is  
instinctive and natural. The earth be-  
longs to man; man has a right to the  
earth; this is the essence of his reli-  
gion. The trees have fruit—let us eat  
them; women have kisses—let us snatch  
them; the sun is warm—let us bask in  
it; this is his creed. The true gypsy is  
the primitive man imprisoned in the  
city—a living protest of Nature against  
the men of the day, whom he considers  
degenerate. He is not the primitive  
man of the North—fighting bears, dig-  
ging holes under the snow for shelter,  
killing wild beasts for food, and selling  
trees for fuel. He is the nervous man  
of the South—as shapely as Apollo, as  
elegant as a woman, and as supple as a  
deer. He kills his wife with a dagger  
and a strong embrace. He is always a  
child; he never grows old. He breathes  
the freedom of Nature. He is the same  
everywhere. A common type gives him  
common characteristics. The Russian  
Tzigane loves sunlight, wanders over  
the highways dressed in rags, and plays  
his guitar with the same nonchalance  
and ease as the Spanish gitano. The  
gypsy's dance, voluptuous and frantic,  
his music sparkling and languid, his  
ruses, his combats, his carelessness, his  
flashing eyes, are the same in the sub-  
urbs of Kiev in the black lands, as at  
Seville in the golden lands. The earth is  
his mother, pleasure his love and freedom  
his religion. Give him a paunce and he  
will return to the cottage. He pretends  
to obey the laws of the land that gave  
him birth, and, if he violated them, sub-  
mits to the prescribed punishment; but  
in his own sphere his only rule of con-  
duct is the simple code of the tribe, and  
his only authority that of its chief.  
When driven to the city by want or  
cold, he settles in a squalid quarter dan-  
gerous to strangers. He lives in the  
street. In the street the women of the  
tribe arrange their hair, dress their chil-  
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